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Girls' School from **HECK** Part 2 of 3

EXCALIBUR



THE POWERFUL CAPTAIN BRITAIN, THE SHAPE-CHANGING MEGGAN, THE INTANGIBLE SHADOWCAT, THE SWASHBUCKLING NIGHTCRAWLER, THE MYSTERIOUS PHOENIX, THE EVER-UNPREDICTABLE WIDGET AND LOCKHEED THE DRAGON FORGED IN THE FIRES OF THEIR TRAGIC PASTS, THEY HAVE BANNED TOGETHER TO FIGHT A MODERN DAY CRUSADE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL! STAN LEE PRESENTS...

EXCALIBUR

PART TWO OF GIL'S SCHOOL FROM **HELL!**

THE STUDIOS OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, WHITE CITY, LONDON...

OH, BRIAN--

--THIS IS WONDERFUL!

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

CHRIS CLAREMONT WRITER RON WAGNER ARTIST TIM HARKINS LETTERER JOHN WILCOX COLORIST TERRY KAWANAGH EDITOR TOM DEFalco ADJUDICATOR CHRIS CLAREMONT & ALAN DAVIS CREATORS

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IT'S A
TELEVISION
SET,
MEGGAN.

MEANT TO
REPRESENT
SOME SORT OF
SPORTS ORIENTED
PUB.

OH, YOU SILLY MAN,
DON'T YOU KNOW
ANYTHING?!

THIS IS
"SPORTING
LIFE!"

THE BEST,
MOST POPULAR
SOAPSHOW ON
TELLY--

-- PUTS "EASTENDERS"
AND "CORONATION
STREET" FAIR TO
SHAME!

I DON'T
MISS AN
EPISODE...

... THANKS TO THAT
MEMORY MACHINE
YOU GOT ME.

A VIDEO
CASSETTE
RECORDER.

WHATEVER.

I WAS WONDERING
ABOUT YOUR INCREASING
RELUCTANCE...

LEGA
THE AM
FOOTE

... TO GO ON
MISSIONS EVERY
TUESDAY AND THURSDAY
EVENING.

SEEMED THE
LOGICAL THING
TO DO.

"AMERICAN
FOOTBALL
COMES TO
BRITAIN!"

"DEBUTING THIS
SEASON, ENGLAND'S
OWN PROFESSIONAL
TEAM!"

UNBELIEVABLE!

WHERE IS THE
ATTRACTION IN
WATCHING HUGE
MUSCLED BODS IN
HELMETS AND BODY
ARMOR THUMP INTO
EACH OTHER?

CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO SOCCER--
OR CRICKET. NOW THERE'S
A PROPER GAME.

WELL, THERE'S
ONE THING THE
YANKS OFFER...

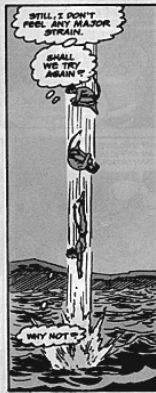
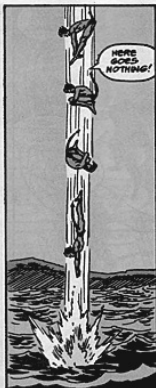
... THAT WE
STOBBY OLD
ISLANDERS
DON'T HAVE:

SUCH AS--
WHAT?!

CHEERLEADERS!

BRITISH LIONS
HEAR US ROAR--
JUST
SIT BACK AND WATCH
US SCORE!









BY ALL MEANS,
GO ANSWER
IT.

OH-UN,
FUZZY, YOU
DON'T GET
OFF SO
EASY.

I'M A
TELEPORTER.
REMEMBER

I CAN BE IN
TWO PLACES AT
ONCE.



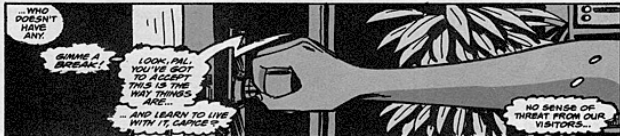
LEAVING AN
ASTRAL IMAGE
OF MYSELF TO
DEAL WITH
YOU.

THIS ISN'T
FUNNY, KURT.

ONE OF THESE DAYS, YOU'RE GOING
TO NEED YOUR TELEPORTING POWER
AND BECAUSE OF ALL THIS MUCKING
ABOUT, IT WON'T BE THERE.

I KNOW IT'S
HARD HAVING
LIMITATIONS--

SPEAKS THE
WOMAN...



...WHO
DOESN'T
HAVE
ANY.

GIMME A
BREAK!

LOOK, PAL,
YOU'VE GOT
TO ACCEPT
THIS IS THE
WAY THINGS
ARE...

...AND LEARN TO LIVE
WITH IT, CAPICE.

NO SENSE OF
THREAT FROM OUR
VISITORS...



...WONDER
WHO THEY
ARE--

-- GASP!



CAT GOT
YOUR
TONGUE,
HONEY?

NO CHEERY
GREETINGS
FOR YOUR
DEAR OLD
MOM, JENNY
GARY?



GUESS
NOT.

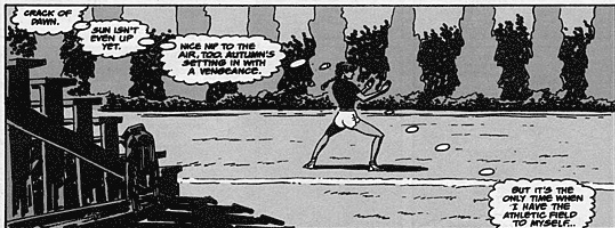




MEANTHILE --



-- QUITE SURPRISINGLY CLOSE BY EXCALBUR'S LIGHTHOUSE, AT ST. SEARLE'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES...



CRACK OF DAWN.

SUN ISN'T EVEN UP YET.

NICE NIP TO THE AIR, TOO. AUTUMN'S SETTING IN WITH A VENGEANCE.

BUT IT'S THE ONLY TIME WHEN I HAVE THE ATHLETIC FIELD TO MYSELF...



--TO DO THIS!

HAI--
YAH!



I DO NOT BELIEVE THIS PLACE!



SO TOTALLY TRAD ON THE OUTSIDE, THE PICTURE-PERFECT BRITISH BOARDING SCHOOL.



BUT THE STUDENTS...



THEY'VE BEEN THROWN OUT OF EVERYWHERE!



THE WRETCHED REJECTS AND EXCLUSIONS OF EVERY GIRLS' PREP SCHOOL IN THE WHOLE WORLD!



HERE BASICALLY BECAUSE NOWHERE ELSE WILL TAKE THEM!



ACES PLACE YOU SENT ME, COURTNEY.

ANY DIFFERENT BACK WHEN YOU WERE HERE?

OR DOES COURTNEY ROARS-- THE "ICE QUEEN" OF INTERNATIONAL BANKING-- HAVE SOME INTERESTING SHADOWS IN HER OWN PAST?

QUESTION IS, WHY DO I FIND IT MEANS SO MUCH...

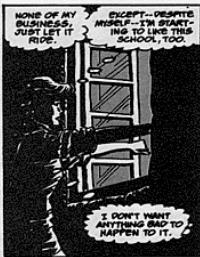
...FOR ME TO FIT IN?

KIAI!















LONDON...

WITH ALL DO
RESPECT, COMRADE
COLONEL...

... I DO
NOT BELIEVE
MY EYES.

WHATEVER
DOES THE
BRITISH PRIME
MINISTER SEE
IN SUCH A
CHARLATAN?



PRINCES AND PRESIDENTS NEED
ANALYSTS, *DEAR MADAME*,
JUST AS COMMONERS DO.

SOMEHOW, I
FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE
TO ACCEPT THAT
OF *HER*.



PERHAPS THEN, SOMEONE TO CONFIDE
IN. A MEANS OF UNBURDENING ONE-
SELF OF THE STRESSES AND
STRAINS OF PUBLIC OFFICE.

BY ALL
ACCOUNTS, THIS
ONE SEEMS FAR
MORE REPUTABLE
AND EFFECTIVE--
THAN MOST.

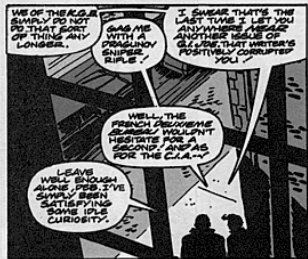
SO
WHAT'S
OUR NEXT
MOVE
THEN?



MY DEAR MAJOR
LEWIS, I AM
SMOCCED.

HAVEN'T
YOU
HEARD?

THE
REVENUE
IS NOW
REVENUES
WITH THE
WEST.



WE OF THE *ICAR*
SIMPLY DO NOT
DO THAT SORT
OF THING ANY
LONGER.

GAG ME
WITH A
DAGGERS
SHIVER
RIFLE!

I SWEAR THAT'S THE
LAST TIME I LET YOU
ANYWHERE NEAR
ANY OTHER ISSUE OF
GLADY. THAT WRITER'S
POSITIVELY CORRUPTED
YOU!

WELL, THE
FRENCH *DEUXIEME*
SERIES WOULD
HEGISTATE FOR A
SECOND, AND AS
FOR THE *CIA*--

LEAVE
WELL ENOUGH
ALONE, *PED*. I'VE
SIMPLY BEEN
SATISFYING
SOME IDLE
CURIOSITY.



AND BESIDES,
WE'VE FAR MORE
PRESSING
CONCERNS...

... SUCH AS
SURVIVING...

... LONG ENOUGH TO
FIND A MEANS OF
DEALING ONCE AND I PRAY FOR
ALL WITH OUR TRUE ENEMY
-- THE ULTIMATE THREAT
TO ALL HUMANITY --

-- THE
SHADOW KING! --

WIA BILLE TO BE TOLD OVER UPSTANDING MONTHS IN THE PAGES OF THE
UNHAPPY *KARST*! -- TK

MEANWHILE ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE MARLEY STREET TOWNHOUSE...

MY WHOLE LIFE I'VE LOOKED FOR THE PERFECT SCAM.

DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, REALLY. KINDA HARD TO DANCE THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WHEN YOUR SKIN'S THE COLOR OF AN UNRIPE APPLE.

I FOUND IF I LOCKED EYES WITH FOLKS...

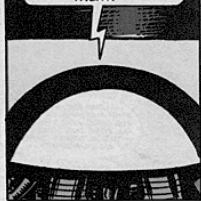
ANY BY THE TIME I FIGURED SOMETHING OUT, THERE CAME MAGNETO TO STOP MY FACE AND GET 'EM AWAY FROM ME.



I'M PULLIN' IN MORE CASH LEGIT THAN I EVER DID AS A CROCK.

CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVE, MUTANT, POSSIBLE DISGRACE VERSUS CERTAIN OBLITERATION.

YOU COUNT AMONG YOUR PATIENTS SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL IN THIS LAND. THROUGH YOUR HYPOCRISY POWER, OUR MASTERS WILL CONTROL THEM.



... I HAD CONTROL OF 'EM. INSTANT ANONYMOUS.

TOO GREAT A TEMPTATION TO RESIST, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? I FIGURED THE WHOLE STINKING WORLD WAS MY OYSTER, 'CEPT THAT EVERY TIME I PULLED A CAPER...

... IT BLEW UP IN MY FACE.



AFTER, I TIED THE OLD WAY AGAIN, BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT.

THEN--BOLT FROM THE BLUE--IT HIT ME. WHY USE MY GIFT TO HURT FOLKS? ESPECIALLY WHEN THE PUTZ WHO GOT MUST MOST OFTEN ANY WORST OF ALL WAS ME!

AN' THEN IF THAT PUTZ NOTION DON'T PAY OFF!



YOU WANT MY SERVICES, YOUR BOSSSES HAVE TO MEET ME, PERSONAL...



UNUSABLE, YOUR POWERS ROSE TOO GREAT A CROCK.

TELL ME ABOUT IT, THAT'S WHY THEY SENT YOU HERE--CROCKS.

CAN'T MESMERIZE A MACHINE.

I HAD THE POWERS FOR A LIFE OF CRIME BUT NOT THE SMARTS.

MAN, I DID WHAT AD-SCOT--AND THAT INCLUDES THE HIGH-AND-MIGHTY MASTER OF MAGNETISM HIMSELF. THEM TWO--HAD EVER DONE!

I CAPTURED THE X-MEN!

ON THEIR OWN HOME TURF, TOO!

TROUBLE WAS, ONCE I HAD 'EM, I'D NO IDEA WHAT TO DO NEXT...

AN' I GOT STUTTER TO GO WITH IT.

PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, COULD BE A KNIGHTHOOD OR A PEEBAGE, AN' T THAT A CROCK?



AN WEIRDEST OF ALL, I ACTUALLY FEEL SOME SENSE OF SATISFACTION DOING GOOD. ME, MESMERO, WHOEVER'D HAVE THOUGHT?

WHICH IS WHY I AM SO TOTALLY TICKED OFF AT YOU TWO BRASS BOZZES WAITING INTO MY LIFE TO FLUSH IT DOWN THE TOILET.

BUT THAT'S THE DEAL, TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT. WE CAN'T MEET, YOU MIGHT AS WELL FRY ME NOW.



COURSE WITHOUT ME, IT'S BYE-BYE MASTER PLAN, AM I RIGHT?

YOUR MOVE, BUNKIES. BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY, WILL YA? I'M BITHER DEAD OR I GOT THINGS TO DO.



ST. SEABURY'S

---SOME
MONEY---

DIFFERENT (AND LARGER, AND
PLAIN MORE CRAMPED) ROOM---

---COUNCIL
OF HOPE---

THEY
CAN'T CLOSE
DOWN THE
SCHOOL!

HAVEN'T YOU
BEEN TRYING
ATTENTION?

IT'S A
PONE DEAL---
ANCIENT
HISTORY---

FAT CHANCE
OF THAT, RAR.
AS I CAN
TELL!

CAN'T WE CALL
OUR PARENTS
FOR HELP?

PUNCE, WHO'D YOU
THINK THE SCHOOL
ADMINISTRATORS
RANG FIRST?

---UNLESS WE
FIND A WAY TO
STOP IT---

THIS IS ALL
THE POCKET
MONEY WE'VE
COLLECTED SINCE
FROM EVERYONE
HERE.

NOT A
WHOLE
LOT IS
THAT!

CERTAINLY
SUFFICIENT
FOR A BAR OF
SOAP!!

---ALWAYS ASSUMING YOU BUFFONS
HAD THE SLIGHTEST NOTION HOW TO
LISE IT.

ISN'T
SHE YOU
TOADS
MAKING
ANY
CONTR-
BUTIONS.

I DUNNO, THEY
COULD OFFER THEM-
SELVES AS PIN-UPS
TO SOME TACKY
MAGAZINE.

THEY
ALREADY
HAD THE
COSTUME.

NOT TO
MENTION
THE
ATTITUDE.

THUNDER THIGHS/
THUNDER THIGHS!
MOOOOOO

ALWAYS ASSUMING,
OF COURSE, WE COULD
FIND SOMEONE WILLING
TO PAY FOR PICTURES
OF SUCH OVER-THE-
HILL COWS.

HOW
DARE
YOU--?!

WANNA
MAKE
SOMETHING
OF IT,
VERONIQUE?

I'LL MAKE
SOMETHING
OF YOU!--

---NAMED A
CASUALTY
CASE!

BETTER
BE
CAREFUL,
LOOKER!

CROSS FIELD
HOCKEY STICKS
WITH US, AND
YOU'LL REGRET
IT!





Greetings, guys and ghouls! This is your old friend *Digger*, serving up another bloodcurdling portion of tasty tidbits and malevolent morsels. October is the month of ghosts, goblins, and grinning gossip columnists, so let's see what haunted Hallo-winners we can dig up this month. What?—You say this is November already—that the October Bulpen page was replaced by a ghastly advertisement?—Well, heh, heh, when I find out who's responsible I'll be sure to invite you to all the funeral! Now then, let's proceed as if we were still filled with the Halloween spirit, eh?

After all, there's some really scary stuff coming up in the next few months. First off, we have that scum-slashing, back-bacon-eating psychopath, *Wolverine*, starring in his second bookshelf format annual. The book is called "Bloodstuck," and it's written and drawn by Alan Davis and Paul Neary. The annual pits Wowie up against an unspeakably evil creature, and, according to editor **Bob Harras**, "It's so scary, you'll never read comics again!" Of *Digger* has seen the artwork for the book, and I can guarantee that it'll make your head spin, just like Linda Blair in *THE EXORCIST*!

Not scary enough for you? Well wait till you hear the title of a new limited series from editor **Bobbie Chase**. It's called *MORT THE DEAD TEEN-AGER!* If that doesn't sound scary to you, then you must already be dead! Mort will take a somewhat humorous look at the misadventures of a dead teen-ager.

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes! Y'know, I can handle Marvelites everywhere grumbling that they're not getting enough information about the upcoming *MARVEL WORLD OF TOMORROW*, but when our competitors start complaining too, then I figure it's time to lay a few more facts on you, even though the official publication date is still a while away. (You see, big hearted Marvel wants to give you enough time to save your shekels so not a single reader anywhere misses out on the most eagerly awaited new title since *IRVING FORBUSH VS. WOLVERINE!*)

First of all, I've got to tell you that the artwork of Johnnie Byrne has never been more spectacular. I know you expected that, but what you probably didn't expect is—everyone is so turned on by the fantastic characters and wild concepts that we decided to make it an 80-page issue instead of the originally planned 64 pages! That means more work for all of us, but hey, no problem—it's a labor of love!

Actually, *THE MARVEL WORLD OF TOMORROW* title is much too cumbersome.

Here's something that's sure to make your nose-hair curl. It's *FAFHARD* AND *THE GRAY MOUNSER*, a four-issue book shelf format limited series beginning this month. *FAFHARD* is an adaptation of the classic **Fritz Leiber** sword-and-sorcery classic, and though it's not really a horror story, well, you know how scary mice can be. They could eat you alive when you sleep!

The project is very much in the "spirit" of Leiber's original work, but with a modern approach, according to editor **Nel Yomtov**. *FAFHARD* is written by **Howard Chaykin**, who drew a *FAFHARD* adaptation himself some time ago. It seems *FAFHARD* just keeps coming back to haunt Howard.

The artists for *FAFHARD* are **Mike Mignola** and **Al Williamson**, with painted color by **Sherilyn van Valkenburgh**. Nel described the art for the book as "stunning." It's so good, it'll knock your eyeballs out of their sockets!

Another horrifying item you might want to check out is the new hand-held video game from Gameboy starring that creepy-crawly, arachnophobic *Spider-Man!* There will also be a *Spidey* video game for home use coming soon. Just picture how scary that is—a video game being played in your own house! It's enough to straighten out your vertebrae just thinking about it!

In other terrifying news, writer **Deadhead Michael Higgins** stopped by the office the other day. If you don't think that sounds scary, you've never met Higgins! Higgins (or, the Hig-beast, to his friends) dropped in on his editor, ex-skinhead/White Castle-hamburger-eater **Mike Rockwitz**, to discuss plans for *POWER PACK*—surely Marvel's most terrifying title. (Of course, "terror" is a purely subjective term, and your own mileage may vary.)

Finally, if you want to see something really scary, you might want to check out the first issue of the *OFFICIAL HAND-*

some. It's really just a temporary catch-all moniker until we hit you with the real one, which were keeping under wraps for obvious reasons of inter-galactic security!

We've been shooting for January as our sale date! It'll be our way of helping mankind celebrate 1991! But despite some malicious rumors you may have heard, neither Byrne nor I intend to dress up like Baby New Year to promote the book!—Though it might not be a bad idea!

Now, for those tortured souls who may have missed my awesome announcement in a recent issue of *MARVEL AGE*, I'll generously repeat it: In the seemingly ubiquitous *MARVEL WORLD OF TOMORROW*, the hero's name is **RAVAGE**, and the villain is **DETHSTRYK!** And take it from your playful of publisher, once you see them, you'll never forget them!

And remember, too—wherever you go, whatever you do, do it up proud! The eyes of Marvel are ever upon thee!

Excelsior!

Stan

BOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

MASTER EDITION. This will be an ultra-definitive telling you everything you could ever want to know about all your favorite (and least favorite) Marvel characters. You don't think that sounds scary? Well, how about this—a frightening amount of research went into this project! Do you know how much time it takes to read through all those back issues? We had to spend hours in the Marvel bound volume room. Have you ever seen that room? It's like a tomb!

And now, the moment you've all been waiting for! Just in time for All Hallow's Eve, we have the results of the hyper-accurate *Marvel Zombie Census!* This past summer, we scoured the convention trail, like vampires hunting for a succulent meal. We asked you, the Marvel Readers, to sit down and be counted. And you obeyed en masse—like the good little zombies we knew you were!

So here, then, is the final tally of our poll: the 1990 *Marvel Zombie Census* shows a grand total of 158 Zombies! That's pretty good! But that's not enough! We won't rest until Marvel-worshipping zombies the world over declare their zombicity! So if we didn't get you this year, you can be sure we'll be back next year to try again! And next time, you won't be able to hide from us!

This is *Digger* signing off til next year at this time. Till then, keep shuffling!



THEIR ORIGINAL PLAN WAS TO IMPART A PRO OUTFIT FROM THE STATES. THAT'S STILL IN THE WORKS.

BUT AS A PUBLICITY GESTURE, THEY'RE STAGING AN OPEN CALL TOURNAMENT, TO SEE IF THEY CAN FIND A "HOME-GROWN" ALTERNATIVE.

AT WHEATLEY STADIUM IN A FORT-NIGHT.

FOR THE WINNER, A PERFORMANCE CONTRACT PLUS A MAJOR CASH PRIZE. ENOUGH MONEY UP FRONT TO BUY ST. SEARLE'S TWE, IF NOT SAVE THE SCHOOL OUTRIGHT.

MISS SUTHERFORD, SHE SAYS AND OF US ON Telly, SHE'LL HAVE A PROPER COW!

SO WE GO DISGUISED, WIGS AND THE PROPER COSTUMES, SHE'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE US

THIS CAN WORK GUYS, REALLY?

WE HAVE THE RAW MATERIAL, WE HAVE THE TALENT, AND WE SURE HAVE THE INCENTIVE.

IN TWO WEEKS, NOT A HOPE!

ANYONE HAVE A BETTER SUGGESTION?

ANY SUGGESTION AT ALL?

YOU RATHER JUST GIVE UP THEN?

HAVE A HEART, PLEASE!

WHOSE TO TEACH US THE ROUTINE'S?

WHO'S TO LEAD US IN THE FILET?

WELL--

--ME!

FIVE-P SAYS WE'LL PULL IT OFF!

POOMBO!

WHAT KIND OF OOPS?

UTTERLY POOMBO!

NEXT: SCHOOL SPIRIT--OR--CHEERLEADERS FROM HEEK!

EXCALIBUR REUNITES WITH SHADOWCAT FOR THE FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH MESMERO'S MASTER!